

THE NORTHAMPTON HERALD

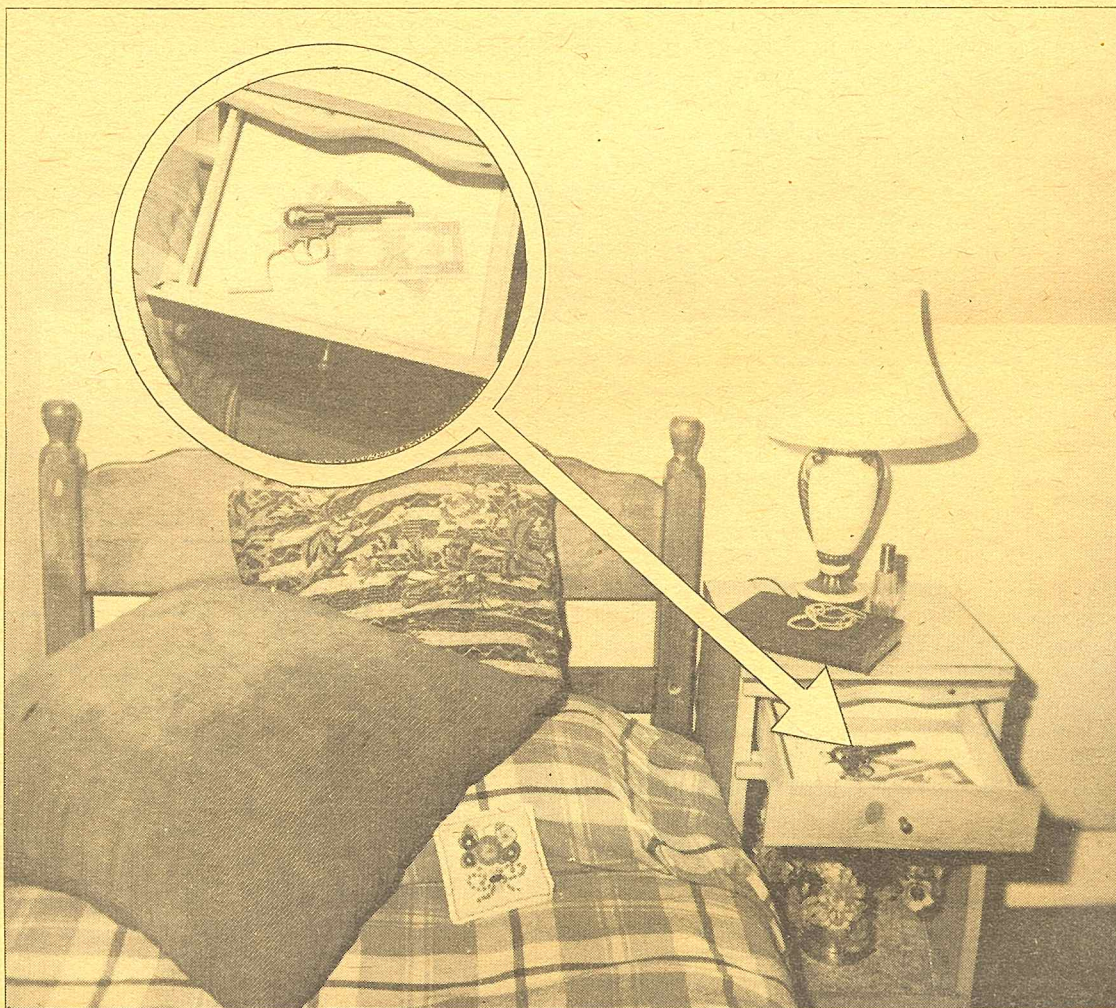
Full Of Bright Pictures

NUMBER 4

FREE FOR ALL

MARCH 27, 1981

NANCY'S ROOM AT SMITH



photograph by Jackie Hayden

LAST FALL WHEN NANCY DAVIS REAGAN (Smith '43) was challenged about keeping a gun in her bedside table, she tried to pooh-pooh the issue; it was merely a "tiny little gun," she said. A few weeks ago she did it again. She told NBC News "The tiny little gun disappeared a long time ago. I had the tiny little gun when my husband was away a great deal of the time and I was alone and I was advised to have a tiny little gun." Maybe she thinks tiny little bullet holes are less deadly than big messy ones. And just think, this tiny little mind has the president's ear.

MAYHEM ON THE LINE

by John Morrison

I'm firmly convinced that anyone with imagination cannot help but become a video addict once he or she has picked up a TV camera and felt the gratification of instant feedback. Of course, since video equipment is still relatively expensive, few people are able to have even the initial experience. But now cable TV has come to Northampton, and with it the community TV channel - Channel 2 - a chance for everyone to get themselves or their ideas out to the public, on what has become this nation's most powerful communications medium.

In negotiating for the right to use city roads, utility poles, and rights-of-way to string reception cable, Continental Cable made a deal: they agreed to finance a fully-outfitted TV studio, with its own channel, for use by the citizens of Northampton. To exercise control over this arrangement, Mayors Chapman and Musante appointed boards, first to negotiate the contract, then to facilitate it. The public trust was placed in these boards. Has it been kept?

In July 1980, after submitting an application for the new Cable TV Board, I was appointed to a one-year associate membership. Associate members were added as non-voting participants since there was such an overwhelming interest in participation.

My hope was to guard against what I thought was a travesty of access in Amherst, the town I lived in for 14 years before moving to Northampton. When cable came to Amherst, the Times-Mirror Corporation did everything they could to avoid their responsibility to serve the community with a viable public access studio.

While I've found that Northampton's cable company, Continental, is far more cooperative than Times-Mirror, I've also learned that there are other ways in which public access can be limited.

Last month I resigned from the Cable Board because I felt that

(Continued on page 6)

"You ever hear that saying, 'Elephants never forget'? Well it's a lot of shit - elephants forget the same as everyone else."

Ken Elgin

New
LIFE & STYLE
Section
see page 5

CITY BUDGET

Actual 1981 Budget	Projected 1982 Budget	% Change	Budget Categories
\$1,412,985	\$1,181,461	-16.4%	1. GENERAL GOVERNMENT: Includes mayor's office, administration operating expenses, financial officers, Planning Dept. COMMENT: 2 largest budget items: Data processing and the DPW Engineering Dept.
\$2,610,663	\$2,101,600	-19.5%	2. PROTECTION: Includes Police, Fire Dept. and Civil Defense. COMMENT: School crossing guards to be eliminated.
\$472,619	\$420,140	-11.1%	3. HEALTH: Includes Board of Health, DPW Sewer Div. COMMENT: Biggest cuts in Board of Health.
\$1,147,968	\$762,200	-33.6%	4. HIGHWAYS: Includes snow removal, street cleaning, sidewalk and street repair, flood control and street lighting. COMMENT: Biggest cuts in administration.
\$128,765	\$120,000	-6.8%	5. CHARITIES: Veterans' services. COMMENT: State mandated program.
\$2,440,563	\$2,210,000	-9.4%	6. SCHOOL & LIBRARIES: Smith School, Forbes and Lilly Libraries. COMMENT: Forbes cut 33%, Lilly cut 100%
\$1,879,293	\$1,700,000	-9.5%	7. RECREATION & UNCLASSIFIED Includes Recreation Dept., Council on Aging, Parks, pensions, annuities, ambulance, medical insurance, Redevelopment Authority, etc. COMMENT: Council on Aging cut 76%, Rec Dept. cut 48%.
\$515,418	\$513,950	-0.28%	8. PUBLIC ENTERPRISES: DPW Cemeteries, DPW Water Div.
\$2,003,495	\$2,556,954	+27.6%	9. DEBT & INTEREST.
\$274,335	\$141,488	-51.5%	10. CAPITAL IMPROVEMENTS.
\$8,652,115	\$7,352,115	-15.0%	11. SCHOOL DEPT.
\$21,538,222	\$19,059,908	-11.5%	TOTAL

HOW DO YOU THINK THE BUDGET SHOULD BE CUT?
TURN THE PAGE, FILL OUT YOUR BUDGET BALLOT
AND MAIL IT TO THE MAYOR TODAY!

Correspondence

Dear Northampton Herald:

A few issues back I advised you to duck the question of bombs vs. living tissue and get a slice of the military spending boom before war was declared. Instead of thanks, this paper received a letter from J*** C*** saying she was "appalled". Not too appalled to slip in her two cents worth, of course.

It's people like her who own dogs and neglect to train them. Barking dogs are the single most important source of noise pollution, especially urban noise pollution, in this country. The recent outbreak of a fatal viral epidemic among the dog population is thrilling news, but unquestionably is too little too late. Only regulations mandating the surgical silencing of all dogs will suffice to rid us of these loud, boorish parasites. The person next door to me used to come out - this is common - and shout threats at her dog. Of course, like all dogs, this one failed to understand English, so he'd continue yapping like he ran on housecurrent. We used to shout at her instead, which helped in its own way, because later she had a stroke.

In the 21st Century - what I like to think of as the Century of the Human - all society will follow the present example of Reykjavik, Iceland, which forbids quartering dogs within the city limits. Note: it does not forbid dog ownership. But they must be kenneled away from human occupation, in sub-surface ice shafts for the most part.

But to answer J*** C***'s question: How much is a missile worth?

One ordinary cruise missile could buy prayer books for every public school child in America, which is just the sort of thing someone like J*** Lowfat would like.

Tom Ahern
Providence, RI

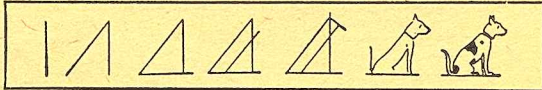
Dear Northampton Herald,

A while back I was at the downtown laundromat with my human. He was washing his clothes, and I was lying around, dreaming and smelling. Well, in comes

this human with his clothes - we've seen him around town - he's a lawyer. So he's doing his business, and I'm doing mine, and then he says to no one, "Whose dog is this?" and gives me this weasely look. Well, my human told him, and then this lawyer-guy said I had to leave. And then he told my human, "I own this building, and it's against the code to have a dog in here." Well, at least my human had enough sense to let me go out without making a scene - except to question that dumb "code" business. And that officious little weasel said, "I assure you it's in the code." You know I just can't figure you humans out. That guy's precious, code-protected laundromat is so dirty that even I don't like to lie down there. That lawyer-weasel thinks that some stupid piece of paper gives him the power to tell other people how to behave. And my stupid human went along with it. I woulda bit a chunk out of his ass.

Ciao,
Jason, the dog with crooked ears

CREATIONISM



German Lessons

Berlin, 1961:- John F. Kennedy, standing alongside the Berlin Wall, in a city tense with many years of cold war, proclaimed: "Ich bin ein Berliner!" Americans beamed with pride as the New Frontier stretched across the ocean. Germans giggled.

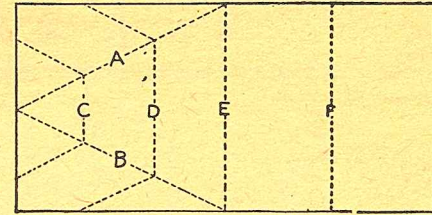
Why?

It seems at that time a German pastry called the Berliner was especially popular - like America's own Hostess Twinkie today. Some Germans thought Kennedy had said: "I am a jelly doughnut!"

Frankfurt, 1981:- 25,000 Germans protest an increase in American military aid to El Salvador. And last month the protest hit Stockholm, Sweden. What do they know that we don't?

Simple and Safe Method for Sending Coins by Mail

Sending coins by mail is not as a rule advisable, but sometimes it becomes neces-



How the Paper is Folded

sary, and usually a regular coin mailer is not available. A very simple and secure way to wrap a coin or coins for mailing is as follows: Procure a piece of heavy paper, nearly as wide as the envelope is long, and about 12 in. long. Fold on the dotted lines shown by A and B in the sketch, and slip the coin in the pocket thus formed. Fold together on lines C, D, E, and F, making the last two folds wide enough to fit snugly in the envelope. This method holds the coin in the center of the envelope where it cannot work around and cut through the edges. (Contributed by O.J. Thompson, Petersburg, IL)

Letters

Dear Northampton Herald,

I notice that the local VFW is fronting an April 26th Loyalty Day Parade "commemorating America's answer to Soviet May Day." Hate to cue them to this, but May Day began as an international celebration for workers before the Soviets copped it. Recent news from Poland suggests that the USSR is no more a workers' paradise than the US.

But why trade a headache for an upset stomach?

The sooner we realize we owe no loyalty to any system that perpetuates the labor of the many for the few the sooner we can get on to something interesting.

In opposition,
Rick Maletesta

Dear Editor:

A weird confluence of forces generates an intellectual vortex in the time-space plenum and a plaintive wail issues forth evoking a metaphorical representation of the emotional substrait surrounding the ontological abyss. And that's just part of the problem! The human mind is constrained by boundaries inherent in its very design, a "planned obsolescence" no doubt, which might fall under the rubric of editorial prerogative if, in fact, this prerogative is exercised consciously in an editorial fashion. In the traditional sense, the editor is perhaps something like the Platonic form of "Ideal Reader" - or Ideal Pre-reader - not unlike a king's Food Taster sampling each dish for poison before it is submitted to the royal palate. The similarity disappears, however, when we realize that the Food Taster is using his own physiology as the touchstone, while the "editor" measures his raw material against his own subjective conception of the Ideal Reader, the audience to whom he is trying to appeal.

The author of this turgid kópros whose etiology springs from the masculine bovine essence must in a reflexive way exercise an editorial prerogative as he composes based on a conception of the "Ideal Editor's Ideal Reader". In some way (if at all possible) the author must try to create and develop an idea or theme, a subject-matter nexus, that stimulates some kind of epiphanal experience in the consciousness of the editor, leading him (the editor) to the conclusion that the Ideal Reader will respond in a positive manner. (At this point the author realizes that he has probably already blown it with his use of masculine pronouns if the editor should be feminine.) We might consider the ramifications inherent in the essential analysis of "positive manner", but this could very well become a time-consuming digression, and we wouldn't want that. Whatever became of the ontological abyss and its surrounding layer of emotions? The "Ideal Reader" is constructed out of an artificial abyss, an imaginary core of being. This "bottomless pit" of Being is a construction of the editor's mind based on the editor's consciousness of his own ontic fountainhead.

Now that we've cleared the air, let's get to the meat of the matter, clear the decks, set the sails, and get serious so to speak. Subjective experience leads me to believe that there is only one bastion of freedom in the alleged open fields of the Northampton Herald, only one small fire in the arctic cold, only one place free of editorial tyranny. Remember "bleen", the new number recently discovered between 5 and 6? You chose to publish the wire service releases rather than my scholarly substantiation. And what about the great essay I submitted to your paper in which I elucidated the fundamental dialectic of our age, and pointed up the obvious synthesis? It was probably mislaid by some muggle-crazed viper. Well, the last corner of freedom is your Letters to the Editor page where you say you'll publish anybody. Now you gotta publish me or I'll know that you're all just a bunch of hypocritical, imaginary ontological abysses. This is a letter to the editor (of sorts). What are you going to do now?

Sincerely,
James Bennett

BUDGET BALLOT

CATEGORIES	STAY THE SAME	CUT A LOT	CUT A LITTLE	ADD A LOT	ADD A LITTLE	COMMENTS
GENERAL GOVERNMENT						
PROTECTION						
HEALTH						
HIGHWAYS						
CHARITIES						
SCHOOL & LIBRARIES						
RECREATION & UNCLASSIFIED						
PUBLIC ENTERPRISES						
DEBT & INTEREST						
CAPITAL IMPROVEMENTS						
SCHOOL DEPARTMENT						

Dear Dave,
Here are my suggestions for dealing with Proposition 2 1/2:

Northampton, MA 01060

Sincerely,

THE NORTHAMPTON HERALD

160 Main Street
Northampton MA 01060
584-5146

Submissions invited;
letters expected.

The following people put this issue together: Robin Stolk, Betsy Siersma, Harold Seewald, Alec MacLeod, Peter Kyle, Michael Kasper, Mary Kasper, and Bob Cilman.

Many thanks to the following people for their varied and prodigious help: Adrian Stair, Jim Bennett, the Scientific Americans, Gene Fulmore, Joyce Shyloski, Jackie Hayden, the Pleasant St. Theatre, and Main St. Records.

And you may ask yourself: "Why is this paper only eight pages?"

Production and Printing costs: \$ 209.46
Cash in Hand: \$ 224.50
Balance: \$ 15.04

SPRING COLORS: WHITE, BLACK, AND RED. . .HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?

WHITE

ash
birch
oak
pine

BLACK

birch
cherry
locust
oak

RED

maple
oak
pine

(This list of common local trees prepared by Ed Goldstein who teaches a mini-course in trees at the University of Massachusetts, Division of Continuing Education.)

A Letter

Letter to the Editor:

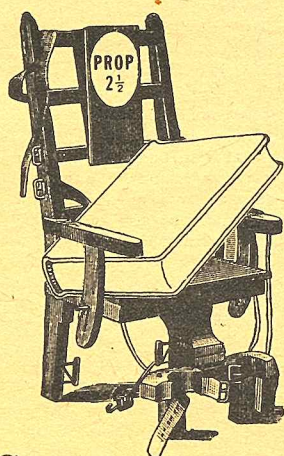
A week ago my car was stolen and found two days later by the police completely gutted; it was the second and final theft of that vehicle. One night later, I was on the road with a friend in her car when five gentlemen in a Cadillac sporting temporary license plates rammed us from behind in an attempt to drive us off the road, a large, well-lit street at that. Today I am walking home on Thayer St. and a not-too-imposing goon expectorates at my feet and says, "Hey, honey, how'd you like to kiss your left hand goodbye." All of this in Providence, the "Seattle of the East" as the New York Times Sunday Magazine mistakenly blessed it a year ago.

No one can be surprised that society today is riddled with lunatic confrontation, but there is very little that decent citizens can do without placing themselves in jeopardy with the law. Except Massachusetts residents! There is a law still on your books that allows you to shoot and presumably kill Rhode Island residents if they are caught crossing your border. Miraculously, this nugget has not been repealed! I am appealing to Massachusetts residents to arm yourselves fully and TAKE OUT occupants of cars bearing Rhode Island plates when you catch them sneaking around your state, undoubtedly up to no good, anyway. This is only a small gesture toward the retributive population-thinning that this state begs for, but every little bit helps, and I remind you that the law, myself, and the rest of the civilized world are on your side. Good hunting.

Sincerely,
Horace Fury
Providence, RI

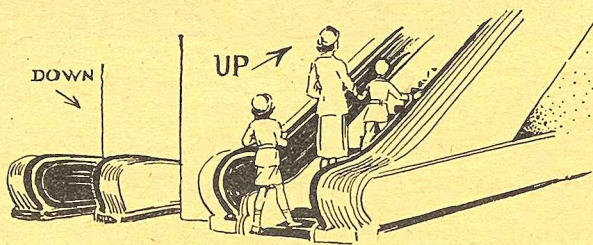
"Libraries will get you through times of no money better than money will get you through times of no libraries."

-Anne Herbert



Save
THE FORBES LIBRARY

Never change a single ball in a bearing. Renew them all.



Ten Years Ago

(The following is an excerpt from a newsletter written on March 26, 1971, from Berkeley, California, to the members of the Submarine Church in all parts of the United States. It was written by one of the Northampton Herald's staff, who was then a Church member. She says: "Although it's hokey and rhetorical, in some respects the frustrations with the American culture and hopes for building a new one are still with us.")

...We spent some time tonight talking about what the Sub has been for some of us and still is for others of us. In a real sense it's the people and the life style. We put the paper out because we like each other and enjoy working together and because the Press was a concrete means of expressing some frustrations with a dying way of life and some hopes for building a new one. For most of us, coming to Berkeley as part of the Sub was a transitional move - a free space in which to shuck off old values and to somehow relate that transitional cocoon stage to others. For us we have in a sense become that butterfly thing - being in Berkeley is being part of a free community - we feel our oppression here all the more strongly because the freedoms are so real and precious and tenuous. Berkeley is so incredible. I just moved from Parker Street where there is a Free University and a growing food conspiracy, bulletin boards announcing local happenings as well as political information relevant nationally and internationally, where people are into making a film about community control, where people are building a community on a block-to-block level, where the women are transforming an old school bus into a media bus which will have women's liberation literature, a place to show slides, films, to hear tapes, to do street theater from - a bus which all the Bay area women can use. In the place I moved to we are building a literature center; next door is the Tribe office - a really fine radical newspaper; across the street is Taxi Unlimited (a crazy taxi company which gives free rides if you can't afford to pay) and the April Coalition office which is headquarters for candidates running for city council - some people who will finally represent us, the people. We are the people...

Free all political prisoners.
Peace and freedom for Indochina.

Betsy, for the Bay Area Sub

Polish Lessons

Many in the non-communist world assume that unrest in Poland stems from a thirst for capitalism. What do you think?

"My mother was in the United States. She had to have \$3,000 in order to die. And when one is sick, it's the same thing: no money, no medical care. For a Christian, capitalism is worse than socialism. You think only of money. Conscience crumbles in money. From this point of view, we are better than in the West."

Lech Walesa

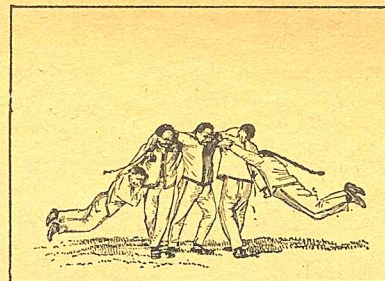
"Private property is an archaic category."
Jacek Kuron

"The problem of publicly owned property is definitely settled. To return to the western system would be a regression in civilization. The Polish system is being challenged, not because it is socialist, but because it is insufficiently so."

Brosniko Geremek

"In Poland everyone is socialist even if the word is compromised. In any case, no one wants a return to capitalism."

Adam Michnik



Chinese Doing the Grand Whirl

Dying Fox Shoots Hunter

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia (AP) - A fox shot and killed a 38-year-old hunter in central Yugoslavia, the official Yugoslav news agency Tanjug reported yesterday.

Salih Hajdur, a farmer from the village of Gornje Hrasno in the Republic of Bosnia-Herzegovina, went to a nearby forest Sunday to shoot a fox, Tanjug said.

Hajdur wounded a fox in the leg, the agency said, but to spare the skin he did not fire again. Instead, he hit the animal with his rifle butt. The struggling animal triggered a shot that hit Hajdur in the chest and killed him instantly, Tanjug said. The fox died later, Tanjug added.

Fergie: You know, there's a Paris, France, and there's a Paris, Massachusetts. And there's a plaster Paris, too.

- Which is your favorite?

Fergie: Plaster Paris.

- Why?

Fergie: Because if I get a broken leg or a broken arm, I can't plaster it with France, but I can with Paris.

THE TIES THAT BIND A Column On Relationships

Bedwetter

by Mark Karpel

The mother is a 25-year-old woman. Unemployed. Lives with her four-year-old son in a small apartment in a big city. We don't know anything about the father, except that he's long gone. The woman is depressed and discouraged. Someone asks if she's ever afraid she'll kill herself. She says no and points to her son sitting beside her. The boy tells how at night after going to bed he sees her go to the window. She opens it and leans out. Suddenly the bed's wet and he calls out for her. She comes over, dries him, and changes the sheets, then goes to bed herself. This happens almost every night.

There are lots of ways to help someone who's discouraged, lonely, fearful or bitter. Peeing in bed's only one of them. It's a natural one for this 4-year-old since he has fewer ways to help than an older person might. And he makes very good use of one of the few ways he has.

Other ways:

--getting stomach-aches, cramps and headaches, the kind that keep you home from school when a lonely parent just happens to be home too;
--being afraid of other kids (or teenagers, or adults) so you never really go too far from home for too long;
--having an asthma attack at just the right time, like when mom and dad are starting to go at it tooth-and-nail again.

This doesn't mean that things like bed-wetting and asthma are always attempts to help someone else. Sometimes they seem to be more medical or psychological in origin. But other times, more often than we think, they are attempts to help someone else. And, when they are, the person doing whatever it is usually doesn't know why they're doing it or even that they're doing it. As far as they know, it just happens. There it is. The bed's wet. Your stomach hurts. People seem scary. You can't breathe.

Most of the time no one really knows why it's happening. And sometimes you get punished for causing all this trouble. Which in one sense is pretty lousy because here you are trying to help the other person. But no one knows it; not even you. Anyway, it comes with the job. And god knows there's enough unemployment.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE A Column On the Stars

PLUTO

A Mystery To Scientists

There's little point in starting anything these days; you won't finish it. Nothing works; your car door just fell off; the stars are against you. Five planets - Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto - are all retrograde, moving backwards, along with so much of this country.

The manifestation of retrograde activity in your daily life is like a 'fuzzy vibration'. 'Fuzzy vibration' is a kind of aura; it usually surrounds lawyers.

Meanwhile, the sun's in Aries, who's ruled by Mars. Since there's nothing good to say about either, let's look at Pluto instead. As Neptune is to Venus, so Pluto is to Mars.

Pluto's a puzzle. It's farthest away from the sun, but it's not a giant planet. This is a point well worth considering. Some scientists are not sure it's a planet at all. Some scientists are wishy-washy. We certainly don't buy the theory that Pluto's an ex-satellite of Neptune which was pulled away by the gravity of still another, as yet undiscovered, planet. And you shouldn't either.

But whatever Pluto may be, it also has a moon that goes around it.



photograph courtesy of the Forbes Library

Tax Bite Leaves Tooth Marks

by Beth Norton and Sara Tracy

High School students cannot vote. Those who can have an obligation to provide for them.

Along comes Proposition 2½. The bill was supported by those who wanted a reduction in taxes, not necessarily a reduction in community services. Now that 2½ is about to take effect, many proponents deny responsibility for the crippling budget cuts being suggested by community officials. While Prop 2½'ers say "cut the fat, not the services", the fat has proven to be virtually non-existent. At most, the fat amounts to one or two positions within the municipal administration. That's a trifling twenty thousand in the face of a three million dollar cut.

WHO'S GOING TO BE HURT?

Confronted with the ominous task of cutting the budget by \$3,000,000, the city will pass the burden on to its various departments. The School Department will receive its share of the burden. What will be cut from the schools? The answer: personnel and "inessentials" - the inessentials being gym, guidance services, art, music, and extracurricular activities. It has also been suggested that the city shut down some schools and make larger classes. Students - people who do not yet have the right to vote - bear the brunt of these changes.

When personnel are cut, the younger teachers will be the first to go, as they lack seniority. These teachers are freshly versed in ever-changing fields like chemistry and physics. They approach teaching with more "joie de vivre" than their older counterparts.

As teachers are cut, people are needed to replace them. In order to teach, a person must be "certified" in a particular subject. Thus, a guidance counselor, tenured and having seniority, certified ten years ago to teach chemistry, could wind up teaching even though s/he has had little recent teaching experience and is far more competent as a guidance counselor.

As for "cutting the inessentials", severe reductions in the gym, art, music, extracurricular activity and guidance programs are to be expected. Reduced teaching staffs and more students at the schools - the 9th grades move to the High School this fall - mean less free time for teachers, time needed to correct papers. It is possible that the curriculum may be modified with even less writing required.

PUBLIC VS. PRIVATE

As the quality of public education deteriorates, there is but one alternative in seeking a well-balanced education: the private school. Prop 2½, coupled with Mr. Reagan's purported offer of tax-breaks to parents sending their children to private institutions, may be the precursors to the collapse of free public education,

an integral part of American society for over 100 years.

HOW DO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS FEEL?

The situation is difficult to judge. It is safe to say that a firm majority opposed the proposed cuts that will cripple the '81-'82 Sports Program. This was confirmed by the large turnout at the January 18 meeting with Superintendent John W. Graves. Students and parents alike became extremely vocal over this particular issue. In fact, sports have received so much community support that it is reasonable to assume that the Superintendent and the School Committee will make some sort of arrangement to allow the program to continue. The sports issue may be seen as a student victory of sorts.

In other areas, apathy seems to have set in. Sports has been the only real focus. Thus, the march on City Hall, staged in early February, must be viewed as an aberrant action, for the students were proclaiming a general criticism not much evident in the main student body.

JUNIOR HIGH ACTIVITY

It is interesting to note that in the field of general attack, much more activity has been taking place at J.F.K. Jr. High School, where student leader Paul Ostberg obtained access to the school's P.A. system and encouraged students school-wide to sign a petition against Prop 2½. This occurred in early February. This difference in activity at J.F.K. and the High School is probably due to the varying personal views of student leaders. Also, circulating a petition in the High School is a complex process. Petitions must be approved by the school administration before circulation, and this may involve censorship and/or rewording of the document.

WHAT LIES AHEAD?

Whatever opposition has surfaced in the schools has been solely the idea of students themselves. The attempt on the part of certain members of the community to play up the lack of student initiative and attribute any display of opposition to 2½ to coercion by teachers or City Hall officials is deplorable.

Though the High School's supply of mimeo has been exhausted - teachers must provide their own - and teachers are visibly depressed by the incipient upheaval of the proposed cuts, students have not yet experienced the effects of Prop 2½. It seems likely that as supplies continue to dwindle and the quality of education declines, students will make more of an effort to voice their concerns.

Beth Norton and Sara Tracy are staff members of the Devil's Advocate, the Northampton High School newspaper.

Kitchen Körner

WHEAT GERM MUFFINS

1 c whole wheat flour 1 egg
 1 c wheat germ 3/4 tsp salt
 4 Tbs brown sugar 1 c milk
 4 tsp. baking powder 2 Tbs oil

Mix milk and well-beaten egg in bowl. Add wheat germ. Let mixture stand a minute or so, until wheat germ absorbs some moisture. Sift in flour, salt, baking powder, sugar. Mix well. Add oil, and stir. Half-fill greased muffin tins. Bake in pre-heated oven at 400° for 20 to 25 minutes. (Add raisins, nuts, coconut, etc.)

"Deadly seriousness is a prerequisite for the proper functioning of an authoritarian system."

Henrik Tikkanen

The NINCOMPOOP Report

by S. Rolling Kingpin,
 President
 Nincompoop Savings Bank



A NATIONAL DISGRACE

This column continuously devotes its time to talking and talking and more talking about the run-away Federal deficit. We have discussed the inflationary aspects of it over and over, and also the fact that increased government demands on the credit markets limits the availability of funds to other needy borrowers. Interest on the national debt, impact on mortgage money, pay down principal, Catch-22 situation, U.S. Treasury Bulletin, sharply reduce, six tax dollars, an attempt to attack, alternative courts disaster.

Listen, I don't understand it either, not that it matters much to me personally, after all I am the President of the Bank.

Crow Eaten At Fitzwilly's



NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES

POSTED BY ORDER OF THE
 NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD
 AN AGENCY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

AFTER A TRIAL IN WHICH ALL SIDES HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE EVIDENCE, AN ADMINISTRATIVE LAW JUDGE OF THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD HAS FOUND THAT WE VIOLATED THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS ACT, AND HAS ORDERED US TO POST THIS NOTICE.

WE WILL NOT implement or enforce a system of written warnings in order to discourage union activity among our employees.

WE WILL NOT institute or enforce a system of employee evaluation.

This notice, posted 60 days for all Fitzwilly's employees to see, goes on to explain that the restaurant/bar will not be allowed to penalize people who engage in union activity.

The case dates back to October 1977, when some Fitzwilly's workers tried to organize a union.

Management's response was to set up a system of written warnings and employee evaluations to scare undecided workers. They were successful.

In the March 1978 election, pro-union

forces lost. One pro-union worker, Loretta Lynn Alper, lost her job as well. She was fired. She's been fighting Fitzwilly's in the courts ever since.

Two weeks ago, she finally won. Fitzwilly's has been ordered by the National Labor Relations Board to reimburse Ms. Alper for the loss of pay she suffered due to discriminatory action.

Although the money is a drop in the bucket for Fitzwilly's, the decision may aid future efforts to organize this kind of establishment.

Menus

Public Schools

MONDAY: Pepperoni pizza, tossed salad, dressing, fresh orange, milk.
 TUESDAY: Fish and chips, ketchup, tartar sauce, cole slaw, bread and butter, apricots, milk.
 WEDNESDAY: Sloppy Joe on a bun, green beans, sunshine cake, milk.
 THURSDAY: Vegetable soup, toasted cheese sandwich, pickles, potato chips, peaches, milk.
 FRIDAY: Baked chicken, steamed rice, peas, cranberry sauce, bread and butter, Jello, milk.

All menus are subject to change without notice.

Smith College

MONDAY: Ratatouille, brown rice, fried mozzarella cheese, salad bar (lettuce, tomatoes, celery, carrots, green peppers, alfalfa sprouts, croutons), dressings, garlic french bread, melon wedge.

TUESDAY: Broiled fillet of fish, lemon wedge, Lyonnaise potatoes, spinach, tossed salad, dressings, make your own sundae (strawberry ice cream, sliced banana, chopped nuts, toasted coconut, whipped topping, Grape Nuts, fudge sauce, butterscotch sauce).

WEDNESDAY: Apple juice, crackers, Yankee pot roast of beef jardiniere, baked potato, cauliflower, mixed greens, dressings, marble cake, orange butter frosting.

THURSDAY: Chilled cranapple juice, crackers, baked breast of chicken, veloute sauce, potatoes du jour, broccoli amandine, mixed greens, dressings, apple turnover.

FRIDAY: Veal parmesan with spaghetti, tossed salad, dressings, garlic french bread, chilled apricots, chocolate mint cookies.

Beverages served with all meals.

Fed Up With Goodwill?

Fed up with rising prices at Goodwill? Need a coat? Shoes? Food? Can opener? There is a place in Northampton cheaper than tag sales: the Northampton Survival Center, in the basement of the Vernon Street School.

The Center provides free food and clothing for people who need them. There are no eligibility guidelines, no restrictions; it is assumed that the people who come to the Center need the service. (You can even request special items at the Center or by calling 586-3406.)

Staffed solely by volunteers, the Center is open Monday afternoons 1 to 4, Tuesday evenings 6:30 to 8, and Thursday evenings 6 to 8.

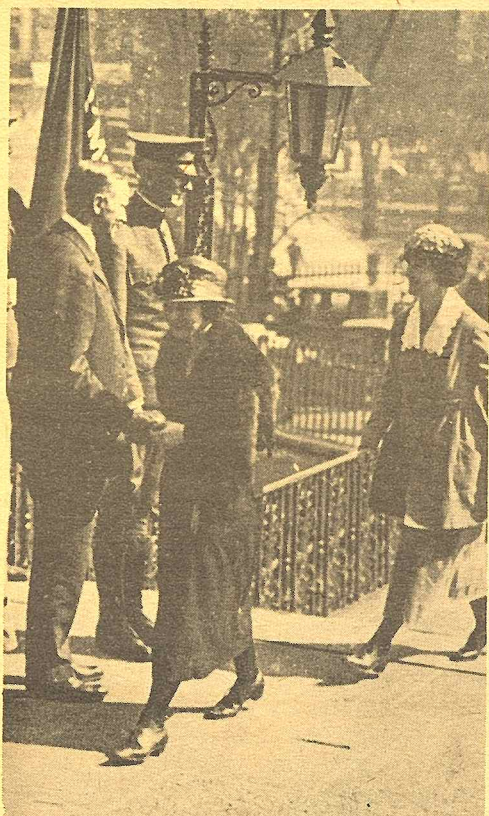
The Survival Center began in 1979 as a project of St. John's Episcopal Church but has since become an incorporated community service with a Board of Directors. (This means donations are tax-deductible.)

Churches and community residents already support the Center through donations, but more contributions of food, clothing, or household items are always needed. (Price Chopper gives the Amherst Survival Center \$300-\$500 worth of groceries every week. Too bad we in Northampton can't say the same about Stop & Shop or...)

If you have something to give or exchange, take it to the Center during open hours or call the Survival Center at 586-3406 and arrange to have your donation picked up.

The Center depends on community support. That's all of us. And any one of us may depend on the Survival Center some day.

Anyone interested in volunteering at the Center in any capacity should call or leave their name and phone number at the Center.



photograph courtesy of the Forbes Library



photograph courtesy of the Daily Hampshire Gazette

POLITICIANS DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST

Maybe Northampton Mayor Dave B. Musante's been taking tips from former Mayor Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge had hand-shaking down pat, as revealed in the Daily Hampshire Gazette on April 7, 1925: "The secret of efficiency, comfort and speed in hand-shaking, believes Mr. Coolidge, is to firmly grasp the other person's hand before he has a chance to grasp yours, give it a hearty squeeze and pass him along, and his faith in this method has not been misplaced, to judge from the presidential handshake which is accomplished in less than two seconds, according to his personal secretary Edward T. Clark, who says that this practice enables Mr. Coolidge to do all his handshaking without suffering physical discomfort."

—MAYHEM—

(Continued from page 1)

most of the other members were unwilling or unable to make the issue of public access a top priority.

Since 1978, when the City decided to seek cable service, there have been two Cable Boards. Many members of the current Board were also on the previous one. Together, these interlocking Boards bear the responsibility for the present problems with Northampton's cable TV access.

The main problem is the majority's interpretation of the words "public access". Their interpretation could be summed up in a rather crude, but nevertheless cogent aphorism: If we let just anyone use our channel and equipment, the airwaves will be filled with people dropping their pants, and the cameras will be reduced to broken hulks.

To prevent such a catastrophe, the Board has adopted an alternative approach, "local origination", by which they mean controlled, studio-based production of shows of local interest.

Various Board members say they only want to stop people from taking out cameras to photograph the family. They say they don't want to limit the use of the equipment by "serious" members of the community. But, step by step, as they have pursued their philosophy of "local origination", they have closed off real access to the studio for many. They have created a studio-bound system which makes outdoor or on-site shows almost impossible to arrange. And they have tied the studio to the High School, where adults are unwelcome and uncomfortable.

One of the Cable Board's big jobs last year was to decide how to equip the community station. They chose to buy just one portable camera for use outside the studio (and therefore away from supervision), a Sony 1640 color model. A lot of money — \$13,500 — went to buy an Ikegama 350, a fancy camera which is far too complex and expensive to be used casually by the public; it must have supervision when used.

Buying the Ikegama 350 ate up whatever money might have been spent on additional portable cameras, and it established the studio as the prime source of transmission.

In early 1980, the Board recommended that the community studio be located in Northampton High School, instead of, say, downtown. It is plain to see why. Most of the Cable Board members are directly or peripherally connected with the administration of the school system. Two are on the School Committee, one is a High School teacher, one is the media coordinator for the High School, one is media director at Clarke School, and one is an active PTO member. This is six of the seven voting members. Four of them were also on the previous Board.

Although their decision has indeed upgraded a City facility, it has had serious consequences for public access.

For one thing, school hours dictate the times we can use (or even look at) our own studio. The High School's media coordinator, David Prentiss, insists that appointments can be made for times when classes aren't using the studio. But...

On top of that, the School administration has made it clear that they don't want people wandering the corridors in search of the studio. It's not an unreasonable attitude; vandalism and undesirables are legitimate concerns.

But having to make an appointment and feeling unwelcome are not conducive to full community usage of the studio. Add to this the psychological effect on people when approaching a school environment, with its authoritarian overtones, and the decision to place the studio in the High School turns out to be an enormous barrier to public participation.

The various decisions made by the Cable Boards are products of an underlying philosophy, not some sort of conspiracy to

COMING SOON On Channel 2

(INTRO: The following are previews of some of the programs due to be shown on Channel 2 when the community station comes on the air in a few weeks.)

NORTHAMPTON INSIGHTS This is Ralph Levy's radio show with pictures — and not many pictures, at that. It's a straight talk show: Ralph and his various guests on a very dull set. Not even any visual inserts of Thorne when three businessmen talk about downtown revitalization. Of course it's interesting to watch how serious local financier Richard Covell looks when he calls downtown Northampton a "mini Wall Street". But haven't we seen him in the paper, anyway? Well, let's hope future shows give us something more stimulating than talking heads.

Ralph Levy, by the way, is on the Cable Board.

THE ELDER NORTHAMPTONITE In this talk show Clark Blackburn displays some neat skills as a TV host. Unfortunately, his three guests — the same three each show — are not elderly, they're social service administrators. It tends to make the show condescending instead of perceptive. The original program outline called for old people to be in the audience. The fact that none showed up:

- A. means it wasn't a primary concern of the producers;
- B. says something about the relationship between social service providers and their clients;
- C. means the elders were off doing something else;
- D. is not related.

THE NORTHAMPTON FORUM This is meant to be a Meet the Press type program, with local politicians fielding questions from a panel of local reporters. In all three shows previewed, Mayor Musante sat in the hot seat. If you can call it that. He was easily able to answer most questions with self-congratulatory guff. Nobody probed. In the show on "Youth Problems", for instance, none of the reporters challenged Musante's simplistic and dinosauric notion that lack of discipline at home is the number-one cause of kids' troubles. In any case, Musante reveals a lot, if you can stay awake for it. Maybe if the show was shorter, with a less wooden host, and more of an air of encouraging contention, this would be good stuff.

A SOLAR WORKSHOP This 45-minute show, one of a series on energy, combines interviews which Harly Isgur of the UMass Energy Education Center conducts with local solar entrepreneurs, and lectures by Isgur himself. It's reminiscent of films shown in high school science classes. The overuse of solar jargon and the occasional appearance of unexplained hardware are confusing at times. Still, if you own a house on which the sun shines, and if you have the money, time, and energy to solarize, and if you've managed to avoid this information in the past, this show may provide a reasonable introduction.

(OUTRO: Also on tap, but not available for previewing: **NIGHTLIFE**, a local entertainment show.)

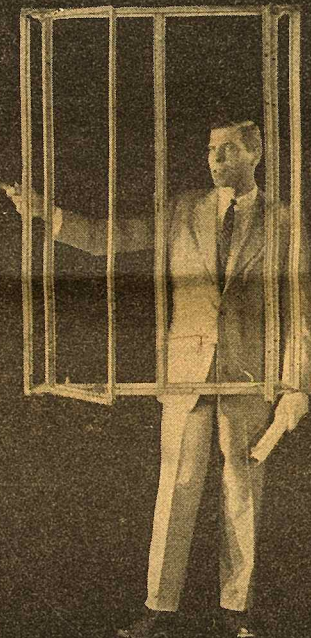
ALTERNATIVE TV

Down at one of the senior citizens' apartment buildings, in the entranceway, there's a TV camera. It's hooked up to TV sets in people's apartments. It's a security system. Channel 2.

Some residents sit and watch Channel 2 for long stretches, like looking out a window, sort of. There's no sound, just the picture, a stationary shot of the entranceway.

But it's useful TV, and it's immediate, and the people on the screen are real.

The other day, Fred, the janitor, stood in front of the camera and stuck out his belly and inflated his cheeks, then deflated himself, then puffed himself out again, etc. All of a sudden dozens of buzzers were buzzing.



deprive the public of access to Channel 2. I think the Board members truly believe their "local origination" plan is fair and open. But they lack vision. They lack optimism for what a genuine "public access" channel could be, and they lack awareness of the dangers facing cable TV.

At a meeting, I once alluded to the early days of telephone, when the insidious monopoly of Ma Bell was never considered. Cable TV, with its current possibilities — computer tie-ins, two-way communication — could be a powerful future form of the medium. If community boards choose to limit access, keeping us ignorant, then they are doing the dirty work for future monopolies.

While technocrats and the government try to mystify us further, we remain largely uninformed about the media processes that shape our life. It may be late, but the Northampton cable system still offers us a rare opportunity to participate in our own media environment. Here are some suggestions:

- 1) Sign up for the video workshops offered at the studio. We can learn the basics, and push for more portable equipment, and for democratic programming decisions.
- 2) Urge the Cable Board and the Mayor to get more community representation on the Board. The State is currently talking of

weakening local cable boards and deregulating cable company rates.

3) Insist that the City and Continental make more conscientious efforts to get community involvement. They could have outreach programs, a regular news column, a widely-distributed informational flyer about the community studio.

4) Attend Cable Board meetings, and participate. They are held in the Board Room at the High School, at 8:00 p.m., on the second Monday of each month. We should ask that agendas be published in advance, so we will be ready when issues of interest are discussed.

I've been criticized for raising such problems before the first broadcast, before the studio has had a chance. But I see that there is already a strong tendency to limit our use of Channel 2. I regret that I was not active earlier in the decision-making process. I urge Northampton residents to get involved.

The longer everyone waits to participate, the more closed access will become.

When the Northampton Cable Board unanimously approved the regulations for use of the local origination station, Chairman Charles Johnson characterized the rules this way: "The general sense is that no one gets their hands on the cotton pickin' stuff."

Shortstops And TV Explored In Recent Interviews

These interviews were conducted at the Northampton Elderly Meals Program at the Walter Salvo House. Names have been changed.

VIOLET

Sam: Who was the greatest shortstop ever?
Violet: I don't know.
Sam: Do you watch baseball?
Violet: I watch baseball, but I forgot his name.
Sam: What did he look like?
Violet: Short, thin, a good shortstop, but that's it.
Sam: Did he bat with his right hand or left hand?
Violet: Right hand.
Sam: Did he used to get a lot of hits?
Violet: Most of the time.
Sam: Do you remember what team he played for?
Violet: The Boston Red Sox.
Sam: How long ago?
Violet: Last year.
Sam: What did you like about him?
Violet: Well, he was a good sport.
Sam: What's the greatest TV show ever?
Violet: "Rawhide."
Sam: What did you like about "Rawhide"?
Violet: It was a lot of action, and everybody had a part in it. It was a good show.

ALETHEA

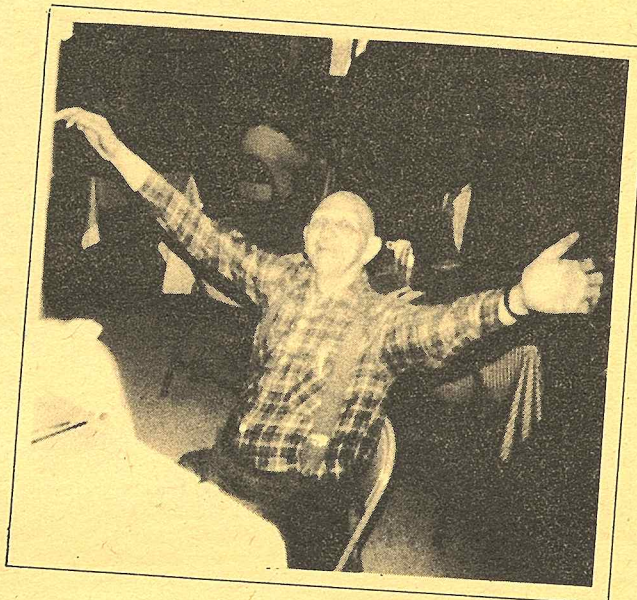
Sam: What's your favorite TV show ever, going way back?
Alethea: Going way back? "Lawrence Welk." I can't get him now. Not even with my cable.
Sam: Are you upset about that?
Alethea: No, I take what I get.

TILLIE

Sam: Who was the greatest shortstop ever?
Tillie: Shortstop ever - ever - Mr. Ever.
Sam: Who did he play for?
Tillie: Nobody. I don't know anything about baseball.
Sam: What do you mean? Baseball's the national sport.
Tillie: I'm not national.
Sam: What are you?
Tillie: Impossible.

NINA AND MEG

Nina: What are you going to ask us?
Sam: Who's the greatest shortstop who ever lived?
Meg: I don't know anything about that. I really don't. What's the catch?
Sam: No catch; just want to know.
Meg: What team?
Sam: Any team.
Nina: The shortest man on the team.
Sam: Is that how it works?
Meg: He's gonna get you one way or the other.
Sam: Throw out a guess.
Nina: Boise.
Sam: Boise?
Nina: Boise. I don't know baseball.
Meg: Shortstop. He's the one in between second and third, right?
Sam: Right. Who's the greatest between second and third?
Meg: I'm thinking of the Red Sox. I like the Dodgers, too, but I can't think of any of their names. Let's see...why didn't you ask me last summer?
Sam: Okay. What was the greatest TV show ever?
Nina: "Birth of a Nation."
Meg: Ye gods, that was a movie.
Nina: A movie? Didn't they have it on TV?
Sam: What did you like about it?
Nina: It...oh, cut it out...
Meg: Why don't you ask about the soapies? You might get some good answers.
(Enter CHARLES)
Sam: Charles, what was the greatest TV



show ever?
Charles: "Charlie's Angels."
Sam: You like "Charlie's Angels"?
Charles: I do, but they're going to take it off.
Sam: Who's going to take it off? "Charlie's Angels"?
Charles: Not "Charlie's Angels". The whatchacallits. The ABC whatever.
Meg: It's gotten rank.
Sam: Their ranking's gone down?
Meg: Yeah, their ratings. They're a disgrace to the screen.
Charles: They keep fighting one another.
Meg: They're a disgrace to the screen.
Nina: She doesn't like the bikinis.
Sam: Well, who was the greatest shortstop who ever lived?
Charles: The one the Red Sox just got rid of.
Sam: You think that was a mistake?
Charles: Of course.
Sam: You think he's going to have a good year with California?
Charles: Sure he will. He'll have a good year anywhere.
Sam: You think the Red Sox are pretty dumb?
Charles: Yeah.
Sam: Maybe they'll rebuild a whole new team.

Charles: That will be ten years from now.
(Enter SARAH)

Sam: Who was the greatest shortstop ever?
Sarah: What team?
Sam: Any team. You've watched a lot of baseball, haven't you?
Sarah: Not all my life. I watched old Leo Durocher play, and I've been once to Yankee Stadium.
Sam: What did Leo Durocher play?
Sarah: I don't know. Shortstop?
Nina and Meg: Leo Durocher was a manager.
Sarah: He was a player first. He was one of Babe Ruth's contemporaries.
Meg: He married a movie actress.
Sam: Which one? Marilyn Monroe?
Sarah: You're twenty-five years too late.
Sam: Sorry.
Sarah: This goes back to the twenties.
Nina: He's an old-timer.
Sarah: I remember Lou Gehrig, too.
Sam: Come on, who did he marry?
Sarah: Gosh, we don't know.
Sam: Yes, you do.
Meg: I do...I can't remember...She's a blond.
Sam: Jean Harlow?
Meg, Nina and Sarah: No.
Meg: She's still living, too.
Sarah: Bette Davis.
Meg: No.
Sarah: Gloria Swanson.
Meg: No.
Nina: M...M...M...
Sam: Mae West.
Meg, Nina and Sarah: No, no. She never married.
Sarah: Tomorrow we will ask you that same question, and you will have the answer.
(Enter PEARL and BESS)S)

Sam: Who's the greatest shortstop ever, Pearl?
Pearl: In what?
Sam: What do you mean, in what? What do you think a shortstop does?
Pearl: I don't know, I don't watch sports.
Sam: You don't? Then what did you get cable television for?
Pearl: I got it for the movies on Saturday and Sunday.
Sarah: I'd like to look up the federal law about privacy.
Sam: Am I invading your privacy?
Nina and Meg: No, no.
Sarah: I hope he's on our side and not in the pay of the CIA.
Nina: He's gonna ask us how much money we have in the bank next.
Sam: How much money do you have in the bank?

(Enter GINNY)

Sam: Ginny, who's the greatest shortstop who ever lived?
Ginny: Me.
Sam: What was the greatest TV show ever, from the beginning of TV?
Ginny: Well, I wasn't in on TV. I was only a shortstop. At our age, how do you expect us to remember this stuff anyway?
Nina: At our age it's hard to remember what we had for breakfast.
Sam: Oh, come on...
Ginny: I can't even go back that far...
(Enter ED and SPIKE)
Meg and Nina: Who do you think was the greatest shortstop ever?
Sam: Me? Who do I think? I think probably Luis Aparicio.
Ed: What are you talking about? I was a better shortstop than Luis Aparicio.
Spike: I say Phil Rizzuto was a better shortstop, just for one.
Sam: Just for one, well, name two.
Spike: Joe Cronin.
Meg: Yeah, and that was a long time ago.
Pearl: That's before my day.
Sarah: Who was Leo Durocher's wife?
Spike: He was married to Laraine Day.
Everyone: LARAIN DAY.

The idea for this page came from David Greenberger's interviews at the Duplex Nursing Home, Jamaica Plain, MA, published as a more or less monthly magazine. (Duplex Planet, 16 University Rd. #2, Brookline, MA 02146, \$6/8 issues.)

Asteroids Take Final Quarter

A recent poll on interactive television in Columbus, Ohio, found that 49 percent of 420 viewers said they were addicts themselves or had one in their family, and many named more than one substance or activity as their problem. Addiction was defined as "an obsessive, compulsive use of a substance or activity to cope with pain of any kind and to produce a high".

What's the attraction of video games? Why do grown men and women throw away quarters in order, variously, to do battle with threatening space invaders; to gobble or be gobbled by multicolored creatures prowling the corridors of a maze; to avoid, blast or be destroyed by large, medium and small asteroids? What's the attraction in this exercise in abstract consumption?

Well, for one thing, it's relaxing, a nice way to release tension. After a hard day at the office or factory there's something refreshing in being able to blow up several gross of asteroids and space ships. And it's more humane than punching out your boss, customer, client, or housemate.

You operate in a world of immediately quantifiable success or failure - if you beat yesterday's score, you know you're improving. This is one of the most seductive features of these games. If you score poorly, the immediate response is to play just one more game (usually totaling five or six). If you score well, the tendency, knowing you're hot, is to continue to go for it.

Either way the inclination is to break another dollar for a few more games, which usually elicits stoney glares from waitresses and bartenders, who generally have as much regard for video players as they do for bugs.

As you progress along the learning curve for one of these games, there's a palpable sensation of steady improvement. Finally, proficiency becomes its own reward. It's part of the aesthetic of the game. For some video games, watching someone really good is almost as enjoyable as playing yourself. This is true primarily for the



photograph by Robert Lyons

games with lots of action, which require a good deal of micro-fine maneuvering - Asteroids and Pac Man for example.

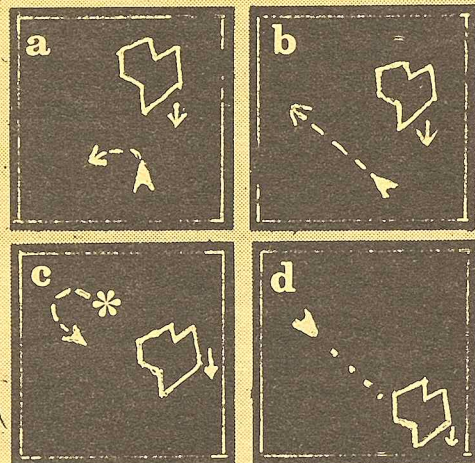
Play among video addicts isn't particularly competitive. Each person is up against the machine, not the other player. You end up rooting for your co-participant to garner a good score. At a local bar, three people will play Asteroids on a single quarter, each taking one of the initial three ships.

Play on games involving shooting appears to be fairly sex-stereotypical: male players predominate. The only game women seem to play in large numbers is Pac Man. Freudians are invited not to attempt an explanation.

Finally there's the matter of achieving a state of transport, being totally engaged in the game to the exclusion of your surroundings. These games provide an enclosed and totally deterministic universe. When you get nailed, you know exactly what went wrong - a pleasant respite from the hazy trade-offs of everyday life. A universe with engrossing characteristics - the vicarious participation in the titillation of total annihilation, with reincarnation just a thin quarter away.

Asteroids Playing Tips

1. It is safer to fire at a rock when it is moving away from you, especially at close range. This avoids the danger of collision with fragments. See Figure I.



Analysis: You may very well be hit by fragments.
Correction: Turn 45° counterclockwise; thrust; then, at * execute 180° turn and thrust; then fire on the rock as it moves away.

(Figure I)

2. Hyperspace will blow you up about 20% of the time, at random. (So says David Owen, *Esquire*, February 1981.) It's better to use the thrust button to get away.

3. Periodically check the opposite side(s) of the board to see what will be coming up behind you.

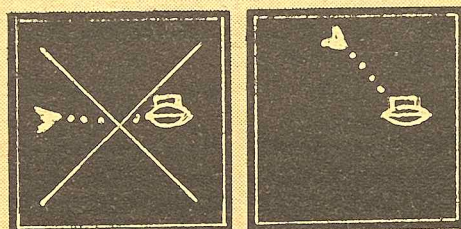
4. It's possible to fire around the board...shot leaving left re-enters on the right. Practice will improve your aim with this technique.

5. When cruising, clear an area in front of you, then rotate 180° to take care of rocks to the rear.

6. The edges are dangerous places to hang out in.

7. When shooting at a large rock, fire continuously while moving side to side, i.e. tracking fragments.

8. It's harder for the little ship to pick you off if you attack from either above or below. Running straight for it on a horizontal line greatly increases the chances of getting nailed. See Figure II.



(Figure II)

9. Move your ship only when necessary, and upon reaching a safe spot, bring the ship to a complete stop - avoid drifting; it makes aiming more difficult.

Walk With Jesus

Baltimore outfielder Pat Kelly: "I want to walk with Jesus."

Manager Earl Weaver: "I'd rather you walk with the bases loaded."

Local Women On The Move

Snowshovelling and the occasional dance party used to be the only workouts our bodies got in the wintertime. Not any more, since we've discovered the Rec. Department's 'Ladies Trim and Slim' and become exercise addicts. Monday and Thursday evenings are now religiously reserved for an hour of stretching, sweating, aerobic dancing, yoga, sit-ups, and sweating.

Fifty-plus women, from svelt 20-year-olds to slightly less than svelt 60-year-olds, turn up faithfully at the J.F.K. Junior High School gym to keep in shape or get into some other shape under the supervision of wonderful Rose - a hot ticket - whose suppleness and humor keep us going just a little bit longer, pushing our bodies just a little bit harder. Even the music, FM disco, becomes enjoyable in this context. Even the aches the next day seem worth it.

You may not think exercising to music is hard work, but just try the-dog-and-the-fire-hydrant sometime, or push-a-pea-across-the-floor-with-your-nose. The grunting, in fact, is one reason we love class. There's nothing like a good grunt to loosen you up and put the world in its proper perspective. It's easy to be uninhibited in this class, in a roomful of women.

Besides getting our bodies working better and our heads a little clearer, exercise class is a terrific excuse to visit with a friend - or a sister or a mother - twice a week. It's cheaper than the movies, gets us warm on a cold winter's night, and nothing else can beat that glow of self-righteousness after working hard in our own interest.

"If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution."

Emma Goldman

Sports Quiz

Q: Who is the only person to both score a touchdown in a Bowl game and hit an inside-the-park home run at Fenway Park?

* * *
A: Butch Hobson